THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE* Esq;

VOL. I. PART II.

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THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE* Esq;

VOL. I. PART II.

Consisting of FABLES, TRANSLATIONS, and IMITATIONS.

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ALEXANDER POPE Esq;

OF

WORKS

THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of *Exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verſe than Proſe. Mr. *Dryden*'s *Fables* came out about that time, which occaſion'd the Tranſlations from *Chaucer*. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by *J. Tonſon* and *B. Lintot*, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations* of *Engliſh Authors* which are added at the end, were

done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen Years old; but having alſo got into Miſcellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume.

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THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from *Chaucer's House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who wou'd compare this with *Chaucer*, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: Wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;

VER. 1. *In that soft season*, &c.] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the *Provencial* Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, *Petrarch* and *Chaucer* frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium.

As

As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees, and intermingl'd temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide Proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:

Ver. 11, &c.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of *Chaucer*, Book 2.

Tho beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
And now unneth great beſtes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſee.

Then

Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like *Parian* marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;

Yet

VER. 27. *High on a rock of ice, &c.*] *Chaucer*'s third book of *Fame*.

It ſtood upon ſo high a rock,
Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne ——
What manner ſtone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glaſs,
But that it ſhone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niſte redily;
But at the laſt eſpied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of iſe, and not of ſtele.

VER. 31. *Inſcriptions here, &c.*]

Tho ſaw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Ther names by, for out of drede

They

Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor cou'd their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:

The

They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men ſaid, what may ever laſt.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd,* &c.]

Tho gan I in myne harte caſt,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with ſtormes beate.

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries,* &c.]

For on that other ſide I ſey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,

Of

The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So *Zembla*'s rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the light'nings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
'Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky:
As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! nor rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud *Rome* or artful *Greece* beheld,
Or elder *Babylon* its frame excell'd.

Of old time, and yet they were
As freſh as men had written hem there
The ſelf day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiſte what it made;
It was conſerved with the ſhade
(All the writing that I ſye)
Of the caſtle that ſtood on high,
And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
That heate might it not deface.

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold;
In ſhaggy ſpoils here *Theſeus* was beheld,
And *Perſeus* dreadful with *Minerva*'s ſhield:
There great *Alcides* ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' *Heſperian* ſpoil.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome*, &c.] The Temple is deſcrib'd to be ſquare, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be receiv'd into it. The weſtern front is of *Grecian* architecture: The *Doric* order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Worthies. Thoſe whoſe ſtatues are after mention'd, were the firſt names of old *Greece* in arms and arts.

VER. 81. *There great* Alcides, *&c.*] This figure of *Hercules* is drawn with an eye to the poſition of the famous ſtatue of *Farneſe*.

Here *Orpheus* ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a ſudden *Thebes* aſpire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and *Barbaric* gold.
There *Ninus* ſhone, who ſpread th' *Aſſyrian* fame,
And the great founder of the *Perſian* name:
There in long robes the royal *Magi* ſtand,
Grave *Zoroaſter* waves the circling wand,
The ſage *Chaldæans* robe'd in white appear'd,
And *Brachmans*, deep in deſart woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th'unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;

VER. 96. *And the great Founder of the* Perſian *Name.*] *Cyrus* was the beginning of the *Perſian*, as *Ninus* was of the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy. The *Magi* and *Chaldæans* (the chief of whom was *Zoroaſter*) employ'd their ſtudies upon magic and aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the learning of the antient *Aſian* people. We have ſcarce any account of a moral philoſopher except *Confucius*, the great law-giver of the *Chineſe*, who liv'd about two thouſand years ago.

Made viſionary fabricks round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of *Taliſmans* and *Sigils* knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, *Confucius* ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the ſouth, a long majeſtic race
Of *Ægypt*'s Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car *Seſoſtris* ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues Obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

VER. 110. Ægypt's *Prieſts*, &c.] The learning of the old *Ægyptian* Prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in geometry and aſtronomy: They alſo preſerv'd the Hiſtory of their nation. Their greateſt Hero upon record is *Seſoſtris*, whoſe actions and conqueſts may be ſeen at large in *Diodorus*, &c. He is ſaid to have caus'd the Kings he vanquiſh'd to draw him in his Chariot. The poſture of his ſtatue, in theſe verſes, is correſpondent to the deſcription which *Herodotus* gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

Of

Of *Gothic* ſtructure was the northern ſide,
O'er-wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And *Runic* characters were grav'd around.
There ſate *Zamolxis* with erected eyes,
And *Odin* here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of *Scythian* heroes ſtood.
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,

VER. 119. *Of* Gothic *ſtructure was the Northern ſide.*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the Northern nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt; *Zamolxis* was the diſciple of *Pythagoras*, who taught the immortality of the ſoul to the *Scythians*. *Odin*, or *Woden*, was the great legiſlator and hero of the *Goths*. They tell us of him, that being ſubject to fits, he perſuaded his followers that during thoſe trances he receiv'd inſpirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is ſaid to have been the inventor of the *Runic* characters.

VER. 127. Druids *and* Bards, *&c.*] Theſe were the prieſts and poets of thoſe people, ſo celebrated for their ſavage virtue. Thoſe heroic barbarians accounted it a diſhonour to die in their beds, and ruſh'd on to certain death in the proſpect of an after-life, and for the glory of a ſong from their bards in praiſe of their actions.

In ranks adorn'd the temples outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like Glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with Jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within, ſtood Heroes who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His

VER. 132. *The wall in luſtre,* &c.]

It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
And made well more than it was,
As kind thing of Fame is.

VER. 152. *The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd.*] *Alexander* the Great: The *Tiara* was the crown peculiar to the *Aſian* Princes: his deſire to be thought the

His feet on ſceptres and *Tiara's* trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the *Lybian* God.
There *Cæſar*, grac'd with both *Minerva's*, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt *Epaminondas* ſtood;

Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold *Scipio*, ſaviour of the *Roman* ſtate,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe *Aurelius*, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike *Socrates*:

---

the ſon of *Jupiter Ammon*, caus'd him to wear the horns of that God, and to repreſent the ſame upon his coins; which was continued by ſeveral of his ſucceſſors.

Ver. 162. Timoleon, *glorious in his brother's blood.*] *Timoleon* had ſav'd the life of his brother *Timophanes* in the battle between the *Argives* and *Corinthians*; but afterwards kill'd him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

He whom ungrateful *Athens* could expel,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,
With *Agis*, not the laſt of *Spartan* names:
Unconquer'd *Cato* ſhews the wound he tore,
And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd quire,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;

Around

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful* Athens, &c.] *Ariſtides*, who for his great integrity was diſtinguiſh'd by the appellation of *the Juſt*. When his countrymen would have baniſh'd him by the *Oſtraciſm*, where it was the cuſtom for every man to ſign the name of the perſon he voted to exile in an Oyſter-ſhell; a peaſant, who could not write, came to *Ariſtides* to do it for him, who readily ſign'd his own name.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd quire*, &c.] In the midſt of the temple, neareſt the throne of *Fame*, are plac'd the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity. Theſe are deſcrib'd in ſuch attitudes as expreſs their different characters. The columns on which they are rais'd are adorn'd with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture bears a reſemblance in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns*, &c.]

From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that ſhone not full clere, &c.

Upon

Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand;
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty *Homer* ſhone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of *Troy* were round the Pillar ſeen:
Here fierce *Tydides* wounds the *Cyprian* Queen;
Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus'* fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the *Trojan* wall,
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.

Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the ſect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Joſephus *the old*, &c.
Upon an iron piller ſtrong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tygers blood in every place,
The Tholoſan *that hight* Stace,
That bare of Thebes *up the name*, &c.

VER. 182.]
Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares *and* Titus, &c.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd:
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The *Mantuan* there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On *Homer* ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The *Latian* Wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;

VER. 196, &c.]

There ſaw I ſtand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin *Poet* Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Eneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus *clerke* Ovide,
That hath ſowen wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame ——
Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full ſternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his ſhoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might ſee,
The fame of Julius *and* Pompee.
And next him on a pillere ſtode
Of ſulphur, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, *ſothe for to tell,*
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

Eliza

Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the man in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, *Pindar* rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of *Greece* the column grace,
Neptune and *Jove* ſurvey the rapid race:
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Auſonian* lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd *Pindar*'s fire:
Pleas'd with *Alcæus*' manly rage t'infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the *Saphic* Muſe.

The

VER. 210. *Four Swans ſuſtain*, &c.] *Pindar* being ſeated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the *Grecian* games. The ſwans are emblems of Poetry, their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. *Neptune* preſided over the *Iſthmian*, and *Jupiter* over the *Olympian* games.

VER. 224, *Pleas'd with* Alcæus' *manly rage t'infuſe*
The ſofter ſpirit of the Saphic *Muſe.*

This

The poliſh'd pillar different ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The *Julian* ſtar and great *Auguſtus* here.

This expreſſes the mixt character of the odes of *Horace*: the ſecond of theſe verſes alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

The action of the *Doves* hints at a paſſage in the 4th ode of his third book.

Me fabulosa vulture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem & ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non sine Dis animosus infans.

Which may be thus engliſh'd;

While yet a Child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
And in a deſart ſleeping lay;
The ſavage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muſes future bard,
But Cytheræa's *gentle dove*
Myrtles *and* Bays *around me ſpread,*
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Muſic *and to* Love.

The

The Doves that round the infant Poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround:
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superiour worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal *Tully* ſhone,
The Roman *Roſtra* deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, *Rome*'s Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſaphyrs ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When

When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler *Viſta's* open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iles extend.
Such was her form, as antient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;

VER. 259. *Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature,* &c.]

Methought that ſhe was ſo lite,
That the length of a cubite,
Was longer than ſhe ſeemed be;
But thus ſoon in a while ſhe,
Her ſelfe tho wonderly ſtraight,
That with her feet ſhe the earth reight,
And with her head ſhe touchyd heaven ——

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd,* &c.

I heard about her throne y-ſung
That all the palays walls rung,
So ſung the mighty muſe, ſhe
That cleped is Calliope,
And her ſeven ſiſters eke ——

With

With time's firſt birth began the heavenly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded and the temple ſhook,
And all the Nations ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall;
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.

VER. 276. *Around theſe wonders,* &c.]

I heard a noiſe approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Againſt her time of out flying;
Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
For all the world it ſeemed me.
Tho gan I look about and ſee
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of ſundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, —— &c.

Their

Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune reigns,
And undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
  Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.
  The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.

VER. 294. *Some ſhe diſgrac'd*, &c.]
And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
And ſome ſhe granted the contrair ——
Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
Is wont to ſerve in commune.

At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread:
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in *Arabian* gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.

VER. 318. *The good and juſt*, &c.]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And ſaiden: We ben everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deſerved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth ſhe, for now me liſt
That your good works ſhall be wiſt,
And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
Right in deſpite of all your foos.
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone ——
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a baſket full of roſes ——

Not

Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtrait the direful Trump of Slander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gathering ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:

The

VER. 328. *Behold another croud*, &c.
338. *From the black trumpet's ruſty*, &c.]
Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye,
Of good folke ——
What did this Eolus, *but he*
Tooke out his trump of braſs,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan this trump for to blowe,
As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's ſoune,

The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.

Great

Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the poulder runne.
And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpets ende —— &c.

Ver. 356. *Then came the ſmalleſt*, &c.]

I ſaw anone the fifth route
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they beſoughten all,

Great idol of mankind! love neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th'applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.
And live there men who slight immortal fame
Who then with incense shall adore our name?

To hiden their good works eke?
And saide they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne suth renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name?
Nay ye shall lien anerichone.
Blowe thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring thilke folkes werkes by wrote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the soune,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That their fame was blown aloft.

But

But mortals know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe, add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n lift'ning Angels leand from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' ambitious ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dreſs'd;
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the plane at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care,
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet would the world believe us, all were well.

VER. 378. *Next theſe a youthful train*, &c.] The reader might compare theſe twenty eight lines following which contain the ſame matter with eighty four of *Chaucer*, beginning thus,

Tho came the ſixth companye,
And gan faſte to Fame crye, &c.

being too prolix to be here inſerted.

The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lovers dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the croud.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd:
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politicks;
Of theſe, a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.

VER. 406. *Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty*, &c.]
Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſight uncertain, if in earth or air;

VER. 418. *This having heard and ſeen*, &c.] The Scene here changes from the temple of *Fame* to that of *Rumour*, which is almoſt entirely *Chaucer*'s. The particulars follow.

Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
Under the caſtle faſt by
A houſe, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus *cleped is,*
Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
And evermo, as ſwift as thought,
This queint houſe about went,
That never more it ſtill ſtent ——
And eke this houſe hath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees,
In ſummer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may ſene
A thouſand holes and well mo,
To letten the ſoune out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unſhet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never reſt is in that place,

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing valls resound.
Nor less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores,
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;

Ver. 428. *As Flames by nature to the*, &c.] This thought is transferr'd hither out of the third book of Fame, where it takes up no less than 120 Verses, beginning thus,

Geffray, *thou wottest well this*, &c.

Thro'

Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who

VER. 448. *There various news I heard*, &c.]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
Of divers tranſmutations
Of eſtates and eke of regions,
Of truſt, of drede, of jealouſy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within*, &c.]
But ſuch a grete Congregation
Of folke as I ſaw roame about,

Who paſs, repaſs, advance and glide away:
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made inlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.

Some within, and ſome without,
Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft ——
And every wight that I ſaw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or elſe he told it openly
Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
That is betide to night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, &c.
—— *Thus north and ſouth*
Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreaſing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
Till all the citee brent up is.

So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quickning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lyes are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lye and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lye;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.

VER. 489. *There at one paſſage*, &c.]

And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace ——
And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, &c.

While

While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the cauſal bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt!
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;

VER. 497. *While thus I ſtood*, &c.] The hint is taken from a paſſage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the concluſion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer*, he only anſwers "he came to ſee the place; and the book ends abruptly, with his being ſurprized at the ſight of a *Man of great authority*, and awaking in a fright.

Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame:
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY

Or if no bards bear my dying name,
But the fall'n ruins of ambition's fame:
Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty lays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY and *MAY*:

OR,

The Merchant's Tale.

FROM

CHAUCER.

JANUARY and MAY:

OR,

The Merchant's Tale.

FROM

CHAUCER.

* JANUARY

AND

MAY.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet led astray by *Venus'* soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious no more;
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.

* This Translation was done at sixteen or seventeen Years of Age.

This

This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and free from noiſe and ſtrife
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt;
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare,
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.

With matchleſs impudence they ſtile a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night-invaſion, and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n:
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts, (if thoſe who try, ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh —— and longer too.
Our grandſire *Adam*, ere of *Eve* poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by *Rebecca*'s aid that *Jacob* won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic *Judith*, as old *Hebrews* ſhow,
Preſerv'd the *Jews*, and ſlew th' *Aſſyrian* foe:

At *Hester*'s suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, *January* the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hastning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face;

In

In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for batchelors to wed;
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mold them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to *Satan* when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heav'n's conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below:

Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide,
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide;
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and *Juſtin* that.
Firſt to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage *Solomon*'s advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wiſeman's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, your honour's in the right.
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,

Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who, dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.
Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philosophic frown, began.
A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar, fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule?
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.

Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And ſpight of all his praiſes muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear:
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in Age:
But at theſe years, to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way;—
What does my friend, my dear *Placebo* ſay?

I ſay, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At

At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that all diſputes appeas'd,
The knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but *January* exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This Lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt;
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful *May*.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace;
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed;
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent and wiſe;
Chaſte, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe:
And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains; Full oft' I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below!
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd, for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This *Juſtin* heard, nor could his ſpleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n no doubt the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.

Then

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better chear;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The Old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind,
When fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like *Sarah* or *Rebecca* lead her life:

Then

Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring
Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor *Joab* the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Cou'd ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely *Venus*, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant wou'd his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old *Hymen* had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day:
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſate ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.

Not *Heſter*'s ſelf, whoſe charms the *Hebrews* ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her *Perſian* King:
Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of *May!*
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night:
Reſtleſs he ſate invoking ev'ry pow'r,
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round,
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and cou'd take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day:
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd:

The

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot *Eringo's* ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſate upright:
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For every labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely *May*;
Which writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the ſun)

Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High Maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The ſquire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit *Damian*, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle *May*:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view;
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine
With ſecret vows to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented *May*?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;

Re-

Receiv'd the impreſſions of the love-ſick ſquire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let *May*'s example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some Sages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of human-kind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of *France*
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue:

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry conſort made,
And airy muſick warbled thro' the ſhade.
Hither the noble knight would oft' repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this ſweet place, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and buſ'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly *May*.
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden ſped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.

Full

Full oft in tears did hapleſs *May* complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on *Damian* with a lover's eye,
For oh, 'twas fix'd; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous ſquire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain,
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain;
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt huſband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreſſion to the truſty ſquire.
By means of this, ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.
Well ſung ſweet *Ovid* in the days of yore,
What ſlight is that, which Love will not explore?
And *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe* plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they liſt, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to ſtray;
It happ'd, that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his ſpouſe, e'er Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung.
Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes;
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous Lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſts fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleaſure let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to *Damian* ſtrait a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle ſquire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere *January* came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown;
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather wou'd I chuſe, by heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.

Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs rob me of delight.
Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my Lady, and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them, my own unequal age;
From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heav'nly charms,
Cou'd live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and *May* with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:)
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;

And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
First may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sow'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, ſir knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their Ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me;
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy?
This chime ſtill rings in every Lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where *Damian* kneeling, worſhipp'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a Pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious ſquire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.

'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs thro' the *Twins* had run;
And *Jove*, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
Clear was the day, and *Phœbus* riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light:
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden's ſide,
And, in the midſt, their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble *Solomon*,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid; Of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of *Sirach* teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;
As well you view the Leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind und old, (a helpleſs caſe)
His ſquire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread Majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the knight,
And, in the very act reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul, it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age:
Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.

What tho' this ſtand'rous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous, women are:
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what *Roman* Authors tell,
How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhou'd not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that *Solomon* has ſaid?
What tho' this King (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol-gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for *David*'s righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after heav'ns own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break,
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lyes.

By heav'n, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt, and will oppoſe.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd knight again ſhou'd ſee;
It muſt be done —— I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine, (ſhe ſaid) —— I am a Queen;
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make:
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroick ſtrain,
And to the knight our ſtory turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely *May*,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly pearch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of heav'ns immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no ſervant nigh,

Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What cou'd, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain;
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there?

What

What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward, for having cur'd the blind;
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this, the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling, with a vengeance, (quoth the knight)
So heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,
Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid, (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs, it *ſeem'd* too plain——
By all thoſe pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops, (for women, when they liſt, can cry.)

The knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd.
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day.
So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight.
Then, ſir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke Oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that, ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:

Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE

THE
WIFE of *BATH*
HER
PROLOGUE,
FROM
CHAUCER.

THE
WIFE of *BATH*,
FROM
CHAUCER.

BEhold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe tryals I have born a part,
I was my ſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive huſbands from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the ſcripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days:
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the *Samaritan*:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.

Encreaſe

Encreaſe and *multiply*, was heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,
" And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.
More wives than one by *Solomon* were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame Apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found,
'Tis but a counſel —— and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man's obliged to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny:
But, by your leave, Divines, ſo am not I.

Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid *Paul*, and *Paul*'s a ſound divine.
Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.
Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold,
They made their court, like *Jupiter* of old.
If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye ſov'reign wives! give ear, and underſtand;
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lye ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir *Paul*! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay;

Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe pleas'd to roam ——
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?
If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair,
Cry, wives are falſe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain,
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetick,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick.
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide.
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes, men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

You

You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance, a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lyes.
On *Jenkin* too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your Prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor ſhall you, by St. *John*,
Have goods and body to your ſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes ——
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, " Go where you will,
" Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:
" Take all the freedoms of a married life;
" I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay:
The Cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhow her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, thus you ſay, and thus you do ——
And told 'em falſe, but *Jenkin* ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft' with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.

If

If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him —— 'twas a Nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our Sex is to be ſold,
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſom love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling for gold.
Yet with embraces, curſes oft' I mixt,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear Diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" *Billy*, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of *Job*'s great patience ſince ſo oft' you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.

" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and every part!
" Here's your Revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have?
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame.
Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as evening *Philomel*.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft' I drain'd the ſpicy nut brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure, as cold ingenders hail;
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh good Gods; whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This

This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantick jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft', when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only heav'n cou'd know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from *Jeruſalem*;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that *Mauſolus*' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great *Darius* lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt)

Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains;
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap,
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of *Oxford* he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame *Aliſon*.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh Prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall;
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft' has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
It ſo befel, in holy time of *Lent*,
That oft' a day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, my ſelf, and my good neighbour *Alce*,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Maſquerade,

The

The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array,
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when freſh *May* her early bloſſoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtrait ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd, I ſcarce cou'd ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have ſhown;
All this I ſaid; but dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lye —— and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows — muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did —— not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.

But

But as he march'd, good Goods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he:
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair *Venus* gave me fire, and ſprightly grace,
And *Mars* aſſurance, and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:
But oft' repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once by heav'n he ſtruck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge your ſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any Lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He, againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes,
Tell how the *Roman* matrons led their life,
Of *Gracchus'* mother, and *Duilius'* wife;

And choſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of holy writ.
Oft' would he ſay, who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft' at evening read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. *Jerome*, part;
Chryſippus and *Tertullian*, *Ovid*'s Art,
Solomon's proverbs, *Eloïſa*'s loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But cou'd we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhou'd ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs,
Than all the ſons of *Adam* could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where Learning lies,
And *Venus* ſets ere *Mercury* can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write.

That

But as he march'd, good Goods! he ſhow'd a pair
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When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write.

That

That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the ſcriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How *Samſon* fell; and he whom *Dejanire*
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd *Eryphile* her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh *Clytemneſtra* laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the *Cretan* dame,
And huſband-bull—oh monſtrous! fie for ſhame!
He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the ſage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wipe'd his head;
Rain follows thunder, that was all he ſaid.
He read, how *Arius* to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lord's deſtruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought,

The

The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face;
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.

ARGUMENT.

Oedipus King of *Thebes* having by miſtake ſlain his father *Laius*, and marry'd his mother *Jocaſta*; put out his own eyes, and reſign'd the realm to his ſons, *Etheocles* and *Polynices*. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury *Tiſiphone*, to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtain'd by *Etheocles*. *Jupiter*, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the *Thebans*, and *Argives* alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt *Polynices* and one of the daughters of *Adraſtus* King of *Argos*. *Juno* oppoſes, but to no effect; and *Mercury* is ſent on a meſſage to the ſhades, to the ghoſt of *Laius*, who is to appear to *Etheocles*, and provoke him to break the agreement. *Polynices* in the mean time departs from *Thebes* by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at *Argos*; where he meets with *Tydeus*, who had fled from *Calydon*, having kill'd his brother. *Adraſtus* entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from *Apollo* that his daughters ſhould be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers by whom the hides of thoſe beaſts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of *Phœbus* and *Pſamathe*, and the ſtory of *Chorœbus*. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality: The ſacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to *Apollo*.

The Tranſlator hopes he needs not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood. But finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome Correction a few years afterwards.

THE FIRST BOOK OF *STATIUS* his *THEBAIS.*

FRaternal Rage the guilty *Thebes* alarms,
Th' alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong: a ſacred fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, *Agenor*'s ſtern decree,
And *Cadmus* ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?

FRATERNAS *acies, alternaque regna profanis*
Decertata odiis, ſonteſque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis,
Ire Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, & inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? ſcrutantemque æquora Cadmum?

How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an Iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine *Amphion* ſung?
Or ſhall I *Juno*'s hate to *Thebes* reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found;
The fire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to *Cadmus* may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At *Oedipus*——from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race,
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty *Cæſar*'s conqu'ring eagles ſing;

Longa retro ſeries, trepidum ſi Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia ſulcis
Expediam, penituſque ſequar quo carmine muris
Juſſerit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes.
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho,
Quod ſævæ Junonis opus, cui ſumpſerit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, ſocio caſura Palæmone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, & proſpera Cadmi
Præteriiſſe ſinam: limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctöos auſim ſperare triumphos,

How

How twice he tam'd proud *Iſter*'s rapid flood,
While *Dacian* mountains ſtream'd with barb'rous blood:
Twice taught the *Rhine* beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of *Jove*.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Encreaſe of glory to the *Latian* name!
Oh bleſs thy *Rome* with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And croud their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' *Phœbus* longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Tho' *Jove* himſelf no leſs content would be,
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee;

Biſque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Iſtrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defenſa prius vix pubeſcentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque ô Latiæ decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
Æternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat ſtellas, & te plaga lucida cœli
Pleïadum, Boreæque, & hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat; aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua

Yet ſtay, great *Cæſar* ! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main ;
Reſign to *Jove* his empire of the ſkies,
And people heav'n with *Roman* deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of *Cæſar*'s fame:
Meanwile permit, that my preluding Muſe
In *Theban* wars an humbler theme may chuſe :
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear :
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wand'ring ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts ;
When *Dirce*'s fountain bluſh'd with *Grecian* blood,
And *Thetis*, near *Iſmenos*' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.

Parte poli ; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, & ſidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior æſtro
Facta canam : nunc tendo chelyn, ſatis arma referre
Aonia, & geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum
Funera, & egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes ;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo ſanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.

What

What Hero, *Clio!* wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of *Tydeus*, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how with hills of ſlain on ev'ry ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tyde?
Or how the * Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce *Capaneus* thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul,

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum ira
Tydea? laurigeri ſubitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget & hoſtilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumine dextra
Merſerat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaque animam ſub morte trahebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos cælo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore Diræ.

* Parthenopæus.

The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, ſable *Styx!* whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coaſts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft' haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if *Oedipus* deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from *Jocaſta*'s womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
If leaving *Polybus*, I took my way
To *Cyrrha*'s temple, on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the *Phocian* fields divide:

Tunc vacuos orbes crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
Supplicium oſtentat cælo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſævaque ira voce precatur.
Di ſontes animas, anguſtaque Tartara pœnis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda.
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, & trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmaſti: ſi ſtagna petii Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
Contentus Polybo, triſidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis

If

If I the *Sphynx*'s riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thy ſelf to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd:
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of light.
Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire!
My ſons their old, unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn.
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.

Ora ſenis, dum quæro patrem: ſi Sphyngos iniquæ
Callidus ambages te præmonſtrante reſolvi:
Si dulces furias, & lamentabile matris
Connubium gaviſus inii: noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi:
Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cedentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quæque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres: Orbum viſu, regniſque, parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Pro dolor) & noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.

Art thou a Father, unregarding *Jove!*
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
'Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their childrens children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on *Cocytus'* brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphureous waters drink;

Hiſce etiam funeſtus ego? & videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, & totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas, nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum, modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus, inamœnum forte ſedebat

But

But at the ſummons, roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air,
The gliding light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.
Thro' crouds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of *Tenarus* ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and ſickning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted *Atlas*, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembl'd, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath *Malea*'s airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to *Thebes* her flight;

Cocyton juxta reſolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Illicet igne Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris
Triſtibus exiliit ripis. Diſcedit inane
Vulgus, & occurſu dominæ pavet, illa per umbras
Et caligantes animarum examine campos.
Tenariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ:
Senſit adeſſe dies: piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos: procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, & dubia cælum cervice remiſit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas; neque enim velocior ullas

With

With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow,
Such rays from *Phœbe*'s bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame;
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death:
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone:
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand;
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtæ,
Turba minor diræ capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis. Qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique, fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit: riget horrida tergo
Palla, & cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.

But

But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt *Cythæron*'s top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round:
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' th' *Achaian* cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high *Parnaſſus*, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again *Leucothoë* ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd *Palæmon* cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the *Theban* palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Strait with the * rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their furies wake within their breaſt.

Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cythæron
Occurit cælo, fera ſibila crine virenti
Congeminat ſignum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopejaque regna reſultant.
Audiit & medius cæli Parnaſſus, & aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus abſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, ægraque lætis

Gentiliſque animos ſubiit furor, ſeems to me a better reading than gentileſque.

Their

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay;
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

Invidia, atque parens odii metus; inde regendi
Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, juriſque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, & ſummo dulcius unum
Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes queis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, & vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos præceps diſcordia fratres
Aſperat. Alterni placuit ſub legibus anni

In

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern *Thebes* by their alternate ſway;
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd,
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No *Grecian* ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate:
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold,
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine ——

Exilio mutare ducem. Sic jure maligno
Fortunam tranſire jubent, ut ſceptra tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti ſemper novus angeret hæres.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnæ
Sola, nec in regem perduratura ſecundum.
Et nondum craſſo laquearia fulta metallo,
Montibus aut late Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congeſtos ſatis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia ſomnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri ſtatione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda poteſtas

Say,

Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright *Phœbus* views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud *Etheocles* the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey,

Armavit fratres: pugna eſt de paupere regno.
Dumque uter anguſtæ ſqualentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii ſolio non altus ovaret
Exules, ambigitur; periit jus, faſque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortiſque pudor. Quo tenditis iras
Ah miſeri? quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem portu vergens proſpectat Ibero?
Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arceſque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtiſque immanibus emptum eſt
Oedipodæ ſedisſe loco. Jam ſorte cadebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos. Quis tum ſibi ſæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula

Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd —— O *Thebes!* for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign?
Muſt we alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now controul a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:

Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque à principe vulgus
Diſſidet, & (qui nos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces. Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!
Partiti verſant populorum fata manuque

Ev'n Fortune rules no more:——O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou Sire of Gods and men, imperial *Jove!*
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd *Cadmus* wand'ring o'er the main,
For loſt *Europa* ſearch'd the world in vain,
And fated in *Bœotian* fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!

Fortunam fecere levem. Semperne viciſſim
Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi ſumme deorum,
Terrarumque ſator, ſociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio juſſus ſale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanthæos invenit regna per agros:
Fraternaſque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,
Augurium, ſeros dimiſit aduſque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva ſub fronte minetur
Sævior aſſurgens dempto conſorte poteſtas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faſtu?

Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we, a vile, ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring ſails they bend,
While freezing *Boreas* and black *Eurus* blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate,
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti,
Mitis, & effatu bonus & patientior æqui.
Quid mirum? non ſolus erat. Nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus caſus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio ſuſpenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperio rapidi ſuper atria cæli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo

Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rowling heav'ns, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry Throne,
The Majeſty of heav'n ſuperiour ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At *Jove*'s aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd:
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs:
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rowling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow.

Interiore polo. Spatiis hæc omnia juxta
Primæque octiduæque domus, effuſa ſub omni
Terra atque unda die. Mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. Nec protinus auſi
Cælicolæ, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. Mox turba vagarum
Semidûm, & ſummis cognati nubibus amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura venti,

* Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu, *is the common reading; I believe it ſhould be* nutu, *with reference to the word* quatiens.

Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes,
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of *Jove!*
This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd *Cyclop* from his taſk retires;
Th' *Æolian* forge exhauſted of its fires.

Aurea templa replent, mixta convexa deorum
Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, & arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave & immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, & vocem fata ſequuntur).
Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. Quonam uſque nocentum
Exigar in pœnas? Tædet ſævire coruſco
Fulmine; jam pridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcunt
Brachia, & Æoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.

For this, I ſuffer'd *Phœbus'* ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to *Jove*, offend;
To puniſh theſe, ſee *Jove* himſelf deſcend!
The *Theban* Kings their line from *Cadmus* trace,
From godlike *Perſeus* thoſe of *Argive* race.
Unhappy *Cadmus'* fate who does not know!
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe:
How oft' the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter, and the haunted wood:

Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſolutos
Solis equos, cælumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum ſquallere favilla.
Nil actum eſt: neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago germane dediſti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quis ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego, deſcendo. Perſeos alter in agros
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impoſita manet: quis funera Cadmi
Neſciat? & toties excitam à ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellaſſe aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Errorſque feros nemorum, & reticenda deorum.

The

The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun wou'd ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of *Laius* ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate attones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew,
Thy curſe, oh *Oedipus*, juſt heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.

Crimina? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactæ
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, & immeritæ gremium incæſtare parentis
Appetiit, proprios (monſtrum!) revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere noſtro
Veſcitur, at nati (facinus ſine more!) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. Jam jam rata vota tuliſti
Dire ſenex: meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem ſperare Jovem: nova ſontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. Belli mihi ſemina ſunto

Adraſtus ſoon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join,
In dire alliance with the *Theban* line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of *Tantalus* ſhall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden Grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)
Muſt I whoſe cares *Phoroneus'* tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh *Jove*, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair *Ægyptian* heifer fed,
And there deluded *Argus* ſlept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When *Jove* deſcended in almighty gold.

Adraſtus ſocer, & ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis inceſſere gentem
Decretum eſt: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, & ſævæ periit injuria menſæ.
Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem
Talia Juno refert: Mene, ô juſtiſſime divum,
Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariæ ſomno lætoque juvencæ
Extinguas, ſeptis & turribus aureus intres.

Yet

Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But *Thebes*, where ſhining in celeſtial charms
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd *Thebes* the vengeance it deſerves, may prove—
Ah why ſhould *Argos* feel the rage of *Jove*?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-Queen controul,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raſe my *Samos*, let *Mycenæ* fall,
And level with the duſt the *Spartan* wall;
No more let mortals *Juno*'s pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your *Iſis* all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, thro' *Ægypt*'s fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping *Nilus* hear the timbrel ſound.

Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem
Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, & mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hoſtes eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,
Et Samon, & veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas;
Verte ſolo Sparten. Cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Ioi
Læta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
Coptos, & æriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.

But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has *Jove* deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd:
Begin from thence, where firſt *Alphëus* hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his *Sicilian* river glides.
Thy own *Arcadians* there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;
Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce *Oenomäus*, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe; and can'ſt thou love
Preſumptuous *Crete* that boaſts the tomb of *Jove?*

Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis ſera hæc ſententia curis,
Percenſere ævi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, & ſecula retro
Emendare ſat eſt? jamdudum à ſedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheos amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor eſt?) delubra nefaſtis
Impoſuêre locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomai, Geticoque pecus ſtabulare ſub Ætno
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora riget. Tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos: placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes

And

And ſhall not *Tantalus* his kingdoms ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O *Jove*, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms, and barb'rous Kings, impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe 'em with ſuch * Sons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply.
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire, tho' juſt, revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs *Dione* might for *Thebes* contend,
Nor *Bacchus* leſs his native town defend,
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our ſuperior will.

Creta tuos. Me Tantaleis conſiſtere tectis,
Quæ tandem invidia eſt? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miſereſce tui. Sunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.
Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno.
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aſpera, motus
Reddidit hæc: Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos, (licet æquus) in Argos
Conſulerem, neque me (ſi detur copia) fallit
Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem
Dicere, ſed noſtri reverentia ponderis obſtat.

* Etheocles *and* Polynices.

For

For by the black infernal *Styx* I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of *Jove*;
No force can bend me, no perſuaſion move.
Haſte then, *Cyllenius*, thro' the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up *Laius* to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on *Cocytus'* ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the farther ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit *Thebes*, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his *Argive* bride,
Almighty *Jove* commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:

Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
Obteſtor, manſurum & non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. Quare impiger ales
Portantes præcede notos Cyllenia proles,
Æra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo: ſuperas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea juſſa nepoti:
Germanum exilio fratrem, Argolicisque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:

Be

Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate;
The reſt, ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into Fate.
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding ſkies,
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head:
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark *Tartarean* coaſts,
Or back to Life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the ſon of *May*
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way,
Now ſmoothly ſteers thro' air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
Meantime the baniſh'd *Polynices* roves
(His *Thebes* abandon'd) thro' th' *Aonian* groves,

Hinc cauſæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, & inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, & temperat aſtra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, & exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura,
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, & ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furtim deſerta perertat

While

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;
Forbidden *Thebes* appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient *Danaus'* fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd *Mycene's* lofty tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did *Atreus'* crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)

Aonia. Jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, & longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. Tenet una dies noctesque recurſans
Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, & ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce paciſci.
Nunc queritur ſeu tarda fugæ diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, & ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat, ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, & longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedet Inachias urbes, Danëiaque regna,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas.

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From *Bacchus'* conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And *Pentheus* blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees *Cythæron* tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of *Niſus'* realm repairs,
Where treach'rous *Scylla* cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of *Scyron's* rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately *Corinth's* pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when *Phœbus* yields to night,
And riſing *Cynthia* ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;

Ferre iter impavidum. Seu prævia ducit Erynnis
Seu fors illa viæ, ſive hæc immota vocabat
Atropos: Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, & pingues Bacchæo ſanguine colles.
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, lapſumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit, hinc arte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, & in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëre biga.

All

All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Encrease the darkness and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' *Æolian* caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black *Auster* shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam somnus avaris
Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo redituram nubila cælo
Promisere jubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phœbo.
Densior à terris, & nullæ pervia flammæ
Subtexit nox atra polos. Jam claustra rigentis
Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hyems, versi transversa frementes
Configunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cælum sibi quisque rapit, sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, & tenebrosa volumina torquet,

From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round;
Th' *Inachian* streams with headlong fury run,
And *Erasinus* rolls a deluge on:
The foaming *Lerna* swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away.
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born,
The storm the dark *Lycæan* groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.

Defunditque imbres, ſicco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. Nec non abrupta tremiſcunt
Fulgura, & attritus ſubita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent; ruit agmine facto
Inachus, & gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus, & veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per ævum
Solibus umbroſi patuere æſtive Lycæi.

Th'

Th' intrepid *Theban* hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending and the wat'ry war,
That driv'n by ſtorms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fairs a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal *Bootes'* golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies,

Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas è montibus amnes
Aure pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas
Paſtorum pecorumque domos. Non ſegnius amens,
Incertuſque viæ, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, & undique frater.
Ac velut hyberno deprenſus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio cæli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa maligni
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes ſcopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:

Thus

Thus ſtrove the chief on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickeſt woods, and rouz'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from *Lariſſa*'s height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the *Theban* hero flies;
On this ſide *Lerna*'s pois'nous water lies,
On that *Proſymna*'s grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble ſpent with toil he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſs'd with calm peace in his declining days;

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros
Accelerat, vaſto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens ſtabula, & prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat ſtimulos animo vis mæſta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Lariſſæus apex: illo ſpe concitus omni
Evolat. Hinc celſæ Junonia templa Proſymnæ
Levus habens, hinc Herculeo ſignata vapore
Lernæi ſtagna atra vadi: tandemque reclufis
Infertur portis: acturum regia cernit
Veſtibula: hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis poſtibus aulæ
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat

By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great *Jove* and *Phœbus* grac'd his noble line;
Heav'n had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him *Apollo* (wond'rous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung —— "Expect thy ſons on *Argos'* ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar.
This, long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great *Amphiaraus*, lay hid from thee,
Tho' ſkill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapleſs *Tydeus*, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,

Dives avis, & utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.
Hic ſexus melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuem, & fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non tu ipſe pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë vides, etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde ſedem ægreſcit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum

And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Thro' the thick deſarts headlong urg'd his flight;
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till led by fate, the *Theban*'s ſteps he treads,
And to fair *Argos*' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' *Adraſtus*' realms, and hoſpitable court;
The King ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurprize.
A lion's yellow ſkin the *Theban* wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd *Alcides*' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with *Nemea*'s dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of *Calydonian* breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread.

Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus & imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, & liquentia nimbis
Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.——
—Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem quem per Theumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonæi veſtitur prælia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo

Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accompliſh'd Oracle ſurveys,
Reveres *Apollo*'s vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein,
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night.
Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day,

Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ Calydonis honos. Stupet omine tanto
Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phœbi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætuſque per artus
Horror iit. Senſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. Tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas.
Nox, quæ terrarum cælique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,

Oh

Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful *Tripos!* hail ye dark abodes
Of awful *Phœbus:* I confeſs the Gods!
Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relicks of a former ſacrifice.
The King once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.

Tu mihi perplexis quæſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis: aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes,
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi diva litabunt
Electa cervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte novo perfuſus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus,
Deprendi Fortuna, deos. Sic fatus; & ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. Canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, & tepidi libamina ſacri
Servabunt; adolere focos, epulaſque recentes

His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there, in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state, *Adrastus* shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,

Instaurare jubet. Dictis parere ministri.
Certatim accelerant, vario strepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetes,
Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas.
Ast alii tenebras & opacam vincere noctem
Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
Viscera cæsarum pecudum: his cumulare canistris
Perdomitam saxo Cererem. Lætatur Adrastus
Obsequio fervere domum. Jamque ipse superbis
Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis
Discumbunt: simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoscunt; tunc rex longævus Acestes

Who

Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd.
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach'd divinely bright;
Such was *Diana*'s, ſuch *Minerva*'s face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then, on their father's rev'rend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,

(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem & fidiſſima cuſtos
Lecta ſacrum juſtæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure,
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egreſſæ thalamo (mirabile viſu)
Pallados armiſonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. Nova deinde pudori
Viſa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes
Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſæ
Victa fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit.

Which *Danaus* us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious *Perſeus* flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace *Jove*'s tow'ring eagle bears
On golden wings, the *Phrygian* to the ſtars;
Still as he riſes in th' æthereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libations ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial power they call;
With *Phœbus*' name reſounds the vaulted hall.

Qua Danaus libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus
Aſſueti. Tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus angue comam præfecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet, jam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pone movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, & Troja recedit.
Stant mœſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, & nubila latrant.
Hunc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cælicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras

The

The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright *Apollo*'s awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our *Argives* yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand darts the *Python* ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er *Caſtalia*'s ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)

Laude ciet comitum, famulumque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui feſta dies, largoque refecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forſitan, ô Juvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. Non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam cærulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenem Pythona deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquammiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,

To

To *Argos*' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old *Crotopus*' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſt,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But *Phœbus* lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of *Nemea*'s ſtream, the yielding fair enjoy'd;
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the God was born,
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from *Argos* to the ſylvan ſhade,
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.

Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. Huic primis, & pubeſcentibus annis
Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. Felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſiderum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Mantivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.

How

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy thoſe of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, & vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra repent ſuadetque leves cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. Sed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terræ
Projectum temere, & patulo cælum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Diſjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus: ipſa ultro ſævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus

Then

Then wild with anguiſh to her Sire ſhe flies:
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with ſorrow for the dead, too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on publick miſeries.
But gen'rous rage the bold *Choræbus* warms,
Choræbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.

Occurrit confeſſa patri. Nec motus, at atro
Imperat, nefandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, mœſtæ ſolatia morti
Phœbe paras. Monſtrum infandis Acheronte ſub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, æternum ſtridens a vertice ſurgit
Et ferrugineam frontem diſcriminat anguis.
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno ſquallida paſſu
Illabi thalamis, animaſque a ſtirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis morſuque cruento
Deveſci & multum patrio pingueſcere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum præſtans animique Choræbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,

Theſe

Theſe where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youth ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave *Choræbus* in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' *Inachians* view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our childrens blood.
The croud in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear,

Obtulit. Illa novos ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. Lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, & jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virum ſtipante corona
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit: atque imas animæ mucrone coruſco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. Juvat ire, & viſere juxta
Lividentes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, & craſſo ſqualentia pectora tabo,
Qua noſtræ cecidere animæ. Stupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque poſt lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.

Some

Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corps engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hallow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft *Parnaſſus'* brow
Avenging *Phœbus* bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below;
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But *Phœbus*, aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging *Sirius* blaſts the ſickly year;

Hi trabibus duris, ſolatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, aſproſque molares
Deculcare genis, nequit iram explere poteſtas.
Illum & nocturno circum ſtridore volantes
Impaſtæ fugiſtis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiaſſe luporum.
Sævior in miſeros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius inſurgit, ſummaque biverticis umbra
Parnaſſi reſidens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Peſtiferâ arma jacit, campoſque, & celſa Cyclopum
Tecta, ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animæ: mors fila ſororum
Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
Quærenti quæ cauſa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, & in totum regnaret Sirius annum?

Demand

Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſs'd be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy *Manes*, and preſerve thy name;
Undaunted Hero! who divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke.
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, *Phœbus*, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;

Idem autor Pæan rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in ſæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Conſtitit; & ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras.
Non miſſus Thymbræe tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, & conſcia virtus
Has egere vias. Ego ſum qui cæde ſubegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et ſqualente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri

For

For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt un-offending *Argos* feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſart cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Our fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my Country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Quæris inique poli. Quod ſi monſtra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, & ſævo tanta inclementia cælo eſt:
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, ſolum
Objeciſſe caput fatis præſtabit. An illud
Lene magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſque
Demoror? expectant matres, ſupremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. Satis eſt: merui nec parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſonoros,
Inſignemque animam leto dimitte: ſed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, deſcelle globum. Fors æqua, merentis

Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting *Phœbus* gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing verture durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, *Apollo*'s wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Theſe ſolemn feaſts propitious *Phœbus* pleaſe;
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his antient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble *Tydeus* ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of *Calydon*.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.

Reſpicit. Ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
Latoïdem, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitæ: noſtro mala nubila cælo
Diffugiunt; at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. Inde hæc ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solennes recolunt epulæ, Phœbæaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has ſorte inviſitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus,
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum ſi certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domus: tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis ſermonibus hora eſt.

The *Theban* bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;
Know then from *Cadmus* I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and *Thebes* my native place.
To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies——Ah why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our *Argos* in her way.

Dejecit mœſtos extemplo Iſmenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læſum
Obliquare oculos: tum longa ſilentia movit.
Non ſuper hos di-vûm tibi ſum quærendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter ſacra fateri.
Sed ſi præcipitant miſerum cognoſcere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebe,
Et genetrix Jocaſta mihi. Tum motus Adraſtus
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait, nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. Regnum, & furias, oculoſque pudentes

E'en

E'en thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning *Libyan* lands,
The faithleſs *Syrtes* and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of *Ganges* in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of *Oedipus* have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents crimes deſcend,
What Prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous Acts thy anceſtor's diſgrace,
And be thy ſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great *Apollo*'s praiſe.

Novit, & Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum oceaſibus intrat
Oceanum, & ſi quos incerto littore Syrtes
Deſtituunt, ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi: noſtro quoque ſanguine multum
Erravit pietas: nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. Sed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor urſæ:
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum
Latoiden votis iterumque iterumque canamus,

Oh father *Phœbus!* whether *Lycia*'s coaſt
And ſnowy mountains, thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet *Caſtalia* thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair *Delos* float no more,
Delight in *Cynthus*, and the ſhady ſhore;
Or chuſe thy ſeat in *Ilion*'s proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty *Jove*;
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of Scepters, and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair,

Phœbe parens, ſeu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliæ flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines:
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, & aſſiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes
Arcus, & ætherii dono ceſſere parentes
Æternum florere genas. Tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænoſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. Quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ ſceptra Cometæ.

Thy

Thy rage the *Phrygian* felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd leud *Tityus'* guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew *Python*, and the dame who loſt
Her num'rous off-ſpring for a fatal boaſt.
In *Phlegias'* doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hoſpitable *Argos* ſhine.
Whether the ſtyle of *Titan* pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' *Achæmenes* adore;
Or great *Oſyris*, who firſt taught the ſwain
In *Pharian* fields to ſow the golden grain;

Tu Phryga ſubmittis cytharæ. Tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. Ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem
Æterno premit accubitu, dapibuſque profanis
Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem faſtidia vincunt.
Adſis ô memor hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames. Seu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, ſeu præſtat Oſyrin

Or *Mitra*, to whoſe beams the *Perſian* bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mitram,

SAPHO

SAPHO

TO

PHAON.

From OVID.

SAPHO

TO

PHAON.

From OVID.

SAPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can *Phaon*'s eyes forget his *Sapho*'s hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe:
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.

SAPHO PHAONI.

ECQUID *ubi aſpecta eſt ſtudioſæ littera dextræ,*
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes autoris nomina Saphus,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan & quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeia flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.

I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are born!
Phaon to *Ætna*'s ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than *Ætna*'s fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds,
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the *Leſbian* dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoidos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne tenet.

Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; cadunt carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pierides ſubeunt, Dryadeſve puellæ,
Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Amythone, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata eſt Arethis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas hic ſine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni,
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!

The

The harp and bow would you like *Phœbus* bear,
A brighter *Phœbus Phaon* might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not *Bacchus'* ſelf with *Phaon* could compare:
Yet *Phœbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the flame,
One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* dame,
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with *Sapho's* praiſe,
Tho' great *Alcæus* more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which *Venus* tunes, and all her loves inſpire,
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.

Sume fidem & pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnem, & Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, conſors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſe fero.

Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* dame
Inſpir'd young *Perſeus* with a gen'rous flame,
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues, unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit ſuch as equal thine.
By none alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd!
Phaon alone by *Phaon* muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy *Sapho* could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love?
My muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my inchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.

Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheïa Perſeo
Andromede, patriæ fuſca calore ſuæ;
Et variis albæ junguntur ſæpe columbæ,
Et niger à viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, niſi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.
Cantabam memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique à parte placebam,
Sed tunc præcipue, cum fit amoris opus.

Then

Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
'Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair *Sicilians* now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Leſbian* Dame?
But ah beware, *Sicilian* nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to *Sapho* us'd.
And you that rule *Sicilia*'s happy plains,
Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?

Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco.
Quique, ubi jam arborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
O vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ,
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?

Enur'd

Enur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of *Arabian* dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:

Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit;
Factus inops agili peragit freta cærula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quærit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quæ me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis,
Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabum noſter dona capillus olet.

For whom ſhould *Sapho* uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for *Sapho* ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to *Venus* all my life to come;
Or while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not ——— ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe *Aurora Cephalus* might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon*'s ſleep,
And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his ſheep.

Cui color infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus autor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis,
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere ſorores,
Nec data ſunt vitæ fila ſevera meæ;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, arteſque magiſtræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia dedit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam;
Et faceres: ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat, quæ conſpicit omnia, Phœbe;
Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.

Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus'* eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears;
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
Farewel my *Leſbian* love, you might have ſaid,
Or coldly thus, farewel oh *Leſbian* maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.

Hunc Venus in cælum curru vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt & Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus formoſe relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, & lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis;
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Leſbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.

No lover's gift your *Sapho* could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, be mindful of our loves, and live,
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound,
I rave, then weep, I curſe, and then complain,
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.

Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec te
Admonuit, quamvis pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longè diſcedit, amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Quum mihi neſcio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui;
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, & verba palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor imminuit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit raptis exululare comis.

Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
And torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!

Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet & è noſtro creſſit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; & ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.
Tu mihi cura Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.

Then

Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words, I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes, give, and take:
Then fiercer joys —— I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes, to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.

Sæpe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Oſcula cognoſco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque conſuetas accipere, apta dare.
Blandior interdum, veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor & vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, & ſine te non licet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, & omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque proſint,
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.

I view the Grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than *Phrygian* marble, or the *Parian* ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before,
But, *Phaon* gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft' entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till they return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I:

Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erant,
Invenio ſylvam, quæ ſæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, & multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum ſylvæque, meumque,
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas:
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; & nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.

With

With mournful *Philomel* I join my ſtrain,
Of *Tereus* ſhe, of *Phaon* I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow
Clear as a Glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
A flowry *Lotos* ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood,
She ſtood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence, and ſeek the fair *Leucadian* maim;
" There ſtands a rock from whoſe impending ſteep
" *Apollo*'s fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
" There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.

Ales Ityn, Sapho deſertos cantat amores;
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos extendit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naias una meos.
Conſtitit, & dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis
" *Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.*
" *Phœbus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor;*
" *Actiacum populi, Leucadiumque vocant.*

" *Deucalian* once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentleſs *Pyrrha* ſcorn'd;
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
" *Deucalion* ſcorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
" Haſte *Sapho*, haſte, from high *Leucadia* throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice —— I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from *Phaon*'s hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!

" *Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhæ ſuccenſus amore,*
" *Miſit, & illæſo corpore preſſit aquas.*
" *Nec mora; verſus amor fugit lentiſſima merſi*
" *Pectora: Deucalion igne levatus erat.*
" *Hanc legem locus ille tenet. Pete protinus altam*
" *Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time.*"
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego territa ſurgo;
Nec gravidæ lachrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus ô Nymphæ, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit, aura ſubito,
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

And

And thou, kind *Love*, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltleſs flood prophane!
On *Phœbus'* ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" *Sapho* to *Phœbus* conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with *Sapho*, *Phœbus*, ſuits with thee,
" The Gift, the giver, and the God agree;
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender *Sapho* fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more powerful be,
And *Phœbus'* ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! can'ſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?

Tu quoque mollis Amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti;
Ne ſim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus & alter erunt.
" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sapho;
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma & meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, ô ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?

Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my Lute, and ſilent is my lyre,
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye *Leſbian* virgins, and ye *Leſbian* dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My *Phaon*'s fled, and I thoſe arts reſign
(Wretch that I am, to call that *Phaon* mine!)

Ah quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc ſunt illa Phaon, quæ tu laudare ſolebas,
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi:
Nunc vellem facunda forem, dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires:
Plectra dolore tacent, muta dolore lyra eſt.
Leſbides æquoreæ, nuptuaque, nuptaque proles,
Leſbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra:
Leſbides, infamem quæ me feciſtis amatæ;
Deſinite ad cytharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon quod vobis ante placebat:
Me miſeram, dixi quam modo pene Meus!

Return,

Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires,
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return——ah why theſe long delays?
Poor *Sapho* dies while careleſs *Phaon* ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.

Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit:
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? & Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent;
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera: quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?
Solve ratem; Venus orta mari, mare præſtet amanti.
Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido;
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.

If

If you will fly —— (yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from *Phaon* I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to love!

Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sapho:
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga)
Hoc ſaltem miſeræ crudelis epiſtola dicat,
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE:

From the NINTH Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

Upon occaſion of the death of Hercules, *his mother* Alcmena *recounts her misfortunes to* Iole, *who anſwers with a relation of thoſe of her own family, in particular the transformation of her ſiſter* Dryope, *which is the ſubject of the enſuing Fable.*

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt *Galanthis* ſighs,
When the fair Conſort of her ſon replies.
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own;

DIXIT: &, *admonitu veteris commota miniſtræ,*
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt adſata gementem:
Te tamen, ô genetrix, alienæ à ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. Quid ſi tibi mira ſororis

Let

Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No Nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare
For beauteous form with *Dryope* the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(My ſelf the offſpring of a ſecond bride.)
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom *Delphi* and the *Delian* iſle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the *Naiads* flow'ry garlands brought;
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.

Fata meæ referam? quamquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex aliâ genuit) notiſſima formâ
Oechalidum Driope: quem virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon: & habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus, acclivis devexo margine formam
Litoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum neſcia, quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus: tepidique ope lactis alebat.

Not diſtant far, a watry *Lotos* grows,
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with bloſſoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the *Tyrian* dye:
Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I my ſelf the ſame raſh act had done:
But lo! I ſaw, (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from *Priapus'* lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight,
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:

Haud procul à ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: & idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. Vidi guttas è flore cruentas
Decidere; & tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obſcæna Priapi,
Contulerat verſos, ſervato nomine, vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro
Ire; & adoratis vellet diſcedere Nymphis;

But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child *Amphiſus*, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.

Hæſerunt radice pedes, convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, niſi ſumma, movet, ſuccreſcit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit: conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror, quantumque valebam,
Creſcentem truncum ramoſque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.

Behold *Andræmon* and th' unhappy Sire
Appear, and for their *Dryope* enquire;
A ſpringing tree for *Dryope* they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind,
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtills a trickling tear,
And ſtrait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in ſighs complains.
If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:

Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miſerrimus, adſunt:
Et quærunt Dryopen: Dryopen quærentibus illis
Oſtendi Loton. Tepido dant oſcula ligno:
Adfuſique ſuæ radicibus arboris hærent.
Nil niſi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara ſoror. Lacrimæ miſero de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque præſtant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra queſtus.
Si qua fides miſeris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruiſſe nefas. Patior ſine crimine pœnam,
Viximus innocuæ: ſi mentior, arida perdam,

If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh, let him fly the cryſtal lakes and woods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe farewel!
If in your breaſts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing ſteel.

Quas habeo, frondes; & cæſa ſecuribus ura.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis;
Et date nutrici: noſtrâque ſub arbore ſæpe
Lac facitote bibat; noſtrâque ſub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat: Latet hoc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet eſſe Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, & tu germana, paterque.
Quod ſi qua eſt pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morſu frondes defendite noſtras.

Farewel!

Farewel! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rhind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands, the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree:
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,
Erigite huc artus, & ad oſcula noſtra venite,
Dum tangi poſſum, parvumque attollite natum,
Plura loqui nequeo. Nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber ſerpit: ſummoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus. Sine munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui, ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair *Pomona* flouriſh'd in his reign:
Of all the Virgins of the ſylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.

VERTUMNUS & POMONA.

REGE *ſub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla ſatinas*
Inter hamadryadas coluit ſolertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei ſtudioſior altera fœtus:
Unde tenet nomen: non ſilvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, & ramos, felicia poma ferentes.

The hook ſhe bore inſtead of *Cynthia*'s ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year;
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
  Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from *Venus* and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The God whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old *Silenus*, youthful in decay,

Nec jaculo gravis eſt, ſed aduncâ dextera falce:
Quà modo luxuriem premit, & ſpatiantia paſſim
Brachia compeſcit: fiſſâ modo cortice virgam
Inſerit: & ſuccos alieno præſtat alumno,
Nec patitur ſentire ſitim: bibulæque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agreſtum metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus: & acceſſus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non & Satyri, ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, & pinu præcincti cornua Panes,
Silvanuſque, ſuis ſemper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,

Em-

Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurprize the fair?
Like theſe, *Vertumnus* own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.
To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears,
And firſt a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft' o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temples ſhade:
Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtraglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs,

Ut potirentur eâ? ſed enim ſuperabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri meſſoris ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoris imago!
Tempora ſæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
Deſectum poterat gramen verſaſſe videri.
Sæpe manu ſtimulos rigidâ portabat; ut illum
Jurares feſſos modo disjunxiſſe juvencos.
Falce datâ, frondator erat, vitiſque putator,
Induerat ſcalas, lecturum poma putares.

A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.
A female form at laſt *Vertumnus* wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs;
Prop'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows,
The god in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd,
And "Happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid)
"Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs out-ſhine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow;)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

Miles erat gladio, piſcator arundine ſumptâ,
Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſæpe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet ſpectatæ gaudia formæ.
Ille etiam pictâ redimitus tempora mitrâ,
Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis
Adſimulavit anum: cultoſque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata eſt: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oſcula; qualia nunquam
Vera dediſſet anus: glebâque incurva reſedit,
Suſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.

An

An Elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine, (he ſaid)
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
What nymph cou'd e'er attract ſuch crouds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the *Centaurs* arms,
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor *Helen's* fatal charms.

Ulmus erat contra, ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:
Quam ſociâ poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At ſi ſtaret, ait, cælebs ſine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ junctâ vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubituſque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus eſſet
Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapithëia movit
Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulixei.

Ev'n

Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our *Alban* woods.
But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age, and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by your ſelf be gueſt)
Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands *Vertumnus* never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.

Nunc quoque, cum fugias averſeriſque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; & ſemideique deique,
Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis,
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi delige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe, neque enim ſibi notior ille eſt,
Quam mihi, nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe,
Hæc loca ſola colit; nec uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat; tu primus & ultimus illi
Ardor eris; ſolique ſuos tibi devovet annos.

Beſides, he's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may *Pomona* pleaſe.
But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares, and pleaſures, are the ſame:
To him your orchards early fruits are due,
(A pleaſing offring when 'tis made by you)
He values theſe; but yet (alas) complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
You, only you, can move the God's deſire:
Oh crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!

Adde, quod eſt juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet: formaſque aptè fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit juſſus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma columtur,
Primus habet; lætâque tenet tua munera dextrâ?
Sed neque jam fœtus deſiderat arbore demptos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum ſuccis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, niſi te. Miſerere ardentis: & ipſum,
Qui petit, ore meo præſentem crede precari.

So

So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year:
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He ſtrait aſſum'd his native form again;
Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent rays;
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

Sic tibi nec vernum naſcentia frigus adurat
Poma: nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.

Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem redit, & anilia demit
Inſtrumenta ſibi: taliſque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppoſitos nitidiſſima ſolis imago
Evicit nubes, nullâque obſtante reluxit.
Vimque parat, ſed vi non eſt opus: inque figurâ
Capta Dei Nympha eſt, & mutua vulnera ſentit.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

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I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans Recreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre *Irelond*:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one,)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen *John*;
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,——
This ſely Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is *Coz*, and here is *Miſs*.

But, as he glozeth with Speeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe rootes:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-be, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke crieth *Quaake*.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter,)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longer after?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can *talke*.

I.

II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where *Thamis* rolls his Fyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat ſoft ſliding to and fro.
Where oft' are heard the Notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur, (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at *Billing ſgate* did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.

Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With *Envy*, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath *Deptford*, navy-building town,
Woolwich and *Wapping*, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such *Lambeth*, envy of each band and gown,
And *Twick'nam* ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and *Jo——n's Dog* and *bitch*,
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver *Thames*, or all adown;
Ne *Richmond's* ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and *Windſor's* tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY *ſinging to her* LUTE.

FAIR Charmer ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threatned veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus cou'd charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he;
A poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto,* AURA VENI.

COME gentle Air! th' *Æolian* ſhepherd ſaid,
While *Procris* panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In *Delia*'s hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

IV.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flow'ry Treaſures ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening *Roſes* breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft *Carnations* ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where *Lillies* ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd *Tulips* ſhow ſo dazling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flouret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale *Narciſſus* on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here *Orange*-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.

There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By *Laurels* ſhielded from the piercing Day:
Where *Daphne*, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from *Apollo* vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the Stream.
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where *Summer*'s beauty midſt of *Winter* ſtays,
And *Winter*'s Coolneſs ſpite of *Summer*'s rays.

WEEPING.

WHile *Celia*'s Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud Grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus thro' Miſts we ſee the Sun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The *Stars* that fall from *Celia*'s eye,
Declare, our *Doom* in drawing nigh.

The

The *Baby* in that ſunny Sphere
So like a *Phaëton* appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On SILENCE.

I.

SIlence! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTIMESIA.

THO' *Artimeſia* talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride
Are odly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
  Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
  Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
  Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate,
  Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
  Spaniards or *French* came to her;
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas *ſi Signior*, 'twas *yaw Mynheer*,
  'Twas *s' il vous plaiſt, Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
  At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
  And flutters in her pride.

So

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious *Germans* hold ſo rare,)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY PARSON.

PArſon, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A *Wife* that makes conſerves; a *Steed*
That carries double when there's need:
October, ſtore, and beſt *Virginia*,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary *Guinea*;
Gazettes ſent *gratis* down, and frank'd:
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large *Concordance*, bound long ſince:
Sermons to *Charles* the Firſt, when Prince;
A *Chronicle* of ancient ſtanding;
A *Chryſoſtom* to ſmooth thy band in.
The *Polyglott* —— *three parts*, —— *my text*,
Howbeit, —— *likewiſe* —— *now to my next*.

Lo here the *Septuagint*, —— and *Paul*,
To *sum the whole*, —— the *close of all*.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on *Fridays* —— if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S——t.

FINIS.

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